

## Heel

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# Heel

by [SmileyTheDog](#)

## Summary

His shoes squeaked far too loudly as he scrabbled into a bathroom stall, the flimsy lock barely sliding into place, he dragged his feet up to the toilet seat and tried to make his breath quiet down even a little.

The bathroom door slammed against the tile wall, loud cackling followed. Ford held his hand over his mouth and listened to the other kids' sneakers squeaking on the linoleum. "Come on, Fingers!" Crampelter jeered, knocking on Ford's stall and taking away any hope they didn't know where he was. "We heard you was an alpha, we just wanted to check."

"Yeah, Fingers, what's an alpha doing hiding after he challenged us?" Daniels added.

(Or: Ford thought he had a little more time before his rut...)

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

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"Yeah, Fingers, what's an alpha doing hiding after he challenged us?" Daniels added.

Ford knew it was a risk going to the library when he knew his rut was coming - Stan's started yesterday, he knew he wasn't far off - but midterms were only a week away and he needed study material, he was only here clinging to the fact estrous cycles weren't supposed to affect you as much after your first. He'd even worn some of his Ma's itchy, flowery scent blockers! But apparently they weren't good enough.

His hand still hurt from when he'd punched Crampelter, he was out of practice and his form was always terrible.

He wiped the blood dripping from his nose, but said nothing. He sniffed weakly.

Daniels laughed. "Man, are you crying?!" The three friends laughed. "What kind of alpha are you? Look like an omega, act like an omega, smell like a garbage can - what kind of freak are you, Fingers?"

Ford kicked the stall door, the bullies laughed harder, and his anger shriveled into shame.

The stall door rattled, Ford saw the cheap lock trembling to stay closed and his stomach sank. "Come on, Fingers, open up! You're a man, aren't you?" Crampelter demanded, and Ford's heart bruised his ribs while he listened to the door rattle harder and harder. The whole room smelled like other alphas, his own weak rut scent nearly suffocated in it.

"Come on, Fingers!" He heard someone step on a toilet lid and then looked up and saw Daniels staring down at him. "You can tell us if it's your sweaty brother that's the alpha."

Crampelter cackled. "Yeah! Bet he bit you, bet that's the closest thing you'll get to being a real alpha!"

They all laughed, Daniels still looking right at him.

Then the bathroom door slammed open again. Library security, maybe? Some other adult?

Then a snarl that had his heart dropping to his toes echoed through the room.

Crampelter's voice rumbled right back. "Whats your deal, Dumber? You looking for a fight too?!"

Ford immediately relaxed. It was Stanley, he was here to pick Ford up, he promised he would try watching Star Trek again if Ford tried Days Of Our Lives. Stan had gotten him a huge bag of cheap jellybeans for the occasion. Stanley was here.

Stanley was also snarling - voice echoing through the public bathroom. Ford looked back up at where Daniels' head was poking down at him just to see him get bodily dragged away and out of the stall. Ford listened to the boys all yelling at Stan, but Stan didn't say a word, just kept growling like a protective animal. Ford had only really heard snarling on TV, and even that set him on edge. But it was different. It was just Stanley.

Ford let his numb legs touch the floor, the sounds of bodies hitting stalls echoing endlessly. For a second he entertained the thought that this was what they were saying about him - he needed his brother, he was pathetic on his own - but he swallowed the thought. Those kids were idiots. He flicked the lock open and slowly opened the door enough to see.

Stanley was on top of Crampelter, adding some additions to the black eye Ford gave him, punching him into the floor over and over while Daniels tried to hold him back. Hayes was gone - likely going to get security. Ford needed to get his brother and him out of there before that happened.

"Stanley." Ford said firmly, and Stanley froze, looking up at Ford. He growled lowly, eyes fixed on the blood undoubtedly smeared all over the bottom of his face. "We have to go. If you get caught they might call Pa." He said, his voice cracking.

Stanley growled again, ripping his arms out of Daniels' hold and going to punch him.

"Stanley!" Ford barked, storming over and putting one hand on his brother's shoulder. "We're leaving." He said more firmly, dragging Stanley to his feet. His brother let himself be pulled, eyes still zeroed on Ford's attackers. The two were looking between the twins like bystanders looking at a trainwreck, but Ford ignored them. They had to get out of the building, even if Ford wanted to rear back and punch Daniels, too.

He dragged his brother out of the bathroom and through the library, passers by eyeing them - probably because the neutral atmosphere was being interrupted by the smell of blood and adrenalin and teenage ruts. Ford glanced at his table, where the whole mess started, and saw his stack of books he really wanted to study with. He steered them both away from the door briefly to grab them, stuffing his favorite two in his jacket while Stanley practically loomed at his shoulder.

He glanced at Stanley. "Well it's your fault I can't borrow them anymore." He said defensively. Stanley had no reaction, head still darting around. One five-fingered hand caught on the bottom of his shirt. *Clingy*.

"Come on, Stanley, drive me home." He said, speedwalking to the door, his brother attached to his side, probably staining Ford's shirt with his bloody knuckles.

They made it to the El Diablo parked illegally out front, and Ford wondered if it would be safe for Stanley to drive the way he was, but he would take his chances. He got into the

passanger seat and immediately had to grit his teeth. Stan started to drive, and Ford watched the road anxiously.

"You ran that stop sign." He chided.

"Another stop sign." He snapped.

"That was a red light."

"You're ten over the speed limit."

"There's another stop sign--" Stanley slammed on the breaks.

"You know what Ford, you can walk!" His brother snapped.

"*Really*, you're gonna get me practically kicked out of my favorite library and then you're gonna make me walk home?!"

"You got your books!"

"Yeah, two of them! I know you're not good at math but even you have to get that there's more than two books in a library."

"Fuck you!"

"No, fuck you! Why did I have to drag you out of there like a cranky toddler?!"

"I don't know! I wasn't done with those motherfuckers!"

"So what, you were gonna kill them?!"

"I don't know!"

"Stanley!"

"We'd figure out how to get away with it."

"Not the point!"

"They hurt you!"

"They always hurt me, Stanley! You were acting like a rabid dog!"

Stan grumbled something under his breath, and Ford grabbed him by the face, turning him to face him. "What? What do you have to say for yourself?"

Stan let his head sink into Ford's hand. "I'd do it again." He said, almost smugly, pupils blown wide.

Ford huffed in annoyance. "Of course you would. You never learn a thing, do you?" He snipped.

"Nope." Stanley said with a dopey grin like he knew where this was going, and Ford was only human.

He dragged him forward into a kiss that was more teeth than anything, a brief back and forth that had Stanley melting into him with a sigh of relief. And they'd said Ford was the docile one.

One of Stan's hands found the hem of his shirt, sneaking under the fabric. Ford grabbed his wrist. "Back seat." He muttered into Stan's ear, and Stan shivered.

The cold air hit Ford like a slap to the face, and he quickly got into the back, watching Stanley do the same just a bit too slowly. The second the door clicked shut Ford was on him, pushing him against the fake leather seats, groaning when Stanley's leg pushed between his. Stan started pulling at Ford's shirt but Ford pulled away. Stan tried to follow but in a rush of adrenalin Ford's hand came up and shoved Stan back against the seats by the neck.

For a second, Stan's hand grabbed his wrist in a hold tight enough to bruise - tight enough to *break*, eyes sharp and dangerous like they had been in that bathroom - but he watched his brother swallow his instincts, tilting his chin up slightly, eyes lidded and dilated on Ford, hand on his wrist nothing but a gentle hold, thumb running circles around Ford's pulse point. In fractions of seconds he became docile, cowed, *submissive*.

He was wrong, Stan didn't act like a feral dog. He ran his hand up Stan's stomach, taking his shirt with him. Stanley was much too domestic for that. Much too tame for *Ford*.

His eyes began roving over his brother's exposed stomach, and he caught a patch of bright red by his hip. A fresh bruise, probably from the fight. In the coming hour more would likely colour his skin, no one was wearing gloves for that fight, but that one stopped him in his tracks. It was stark, if Ford squinted he could see the outlines of four knuckles. He ran his thumb over the edge of it, and Stanley didn't wince but his stomach tightened.

Ford understood, now, why he had to haul his brother off Crampelter. He wanted nothing more than to go back to that library and beat him to a pulp, just seeing the redness on Stanley's soft midsection. He wondered if he sucked bruises right next to it would it look like it was from a five-knuckled hand instead.

Stan's leg pushed up between his again, and Ford's eyes snapped up to his. "No." He said firmly.

Stanley looked confused. "Isn't that what we're in the back for..?" He said, annoyance seeping in.

"Not if you act like that." Ford snapped right back, and Stan bristled.

"Whats that supposed to--" Ford's thumb dug into Stanley's bruise and he did wince this time.

"Arms and legs to yourself or I'll stop." He said firmly, before one hand palmed roughly at the front of his brother's jeans. Stan made a short whine, fingers digging into the seats at his sides. Ford rolled down his fly one-handed, six-fingered hand wrapping around Stan's

erection, already feeling the beginning of a knot under his pinkie. He leaned forward, but Stan's arms stayed at his sides. He pressed a kiss against that sensitive gland on his neck, making him shutter, before kissing his wispy sideburns. "Good boy." He praised, and Stanley whined, his dick kicking in Ford's hand. Ford stroked Stan slow and dry, just enough stimulation to make him squirm - but his hands stayed down, because Ford had told him and he listened, even indisposed with clouded judgment and instincts towards aggression, he kept his hands down for Ford.

"You're *my* good boy, aren't you?" He said half-rhetorically, but Stanley nodded furiously anyways. "So good for me." He murmured, hand tightening on Stan, fingers running gently over the swell of a knot. "Just me."

Stanley didn't respond right away, hips rolling against Ford's hand. He let go, leaning back on his haunches while Stanley looked up at him with utter betrayal. He got over it quickly when Ford's hands started undoing his own pants.

"We goin' all the way?" Stanley asked.

Ford shouldn't. Stanley would tear again, they had no lube in the car, they were in the middle of the street in the middle of the day in the middle of the week, any old dog-walker would see the car rocking from the shitty suspension.

But he wanted nothing more. He wanted to say something suave like 'only if you're good' but his mouth went dry when Stan's pants slipped past those little dips where his hips ended and his thighs began.

Ford helped all but yank Stanley's too-small pants off of him until he could see all of him. "Turn around." He said, and Stanley rolled onto his knees like a good puppy.

Ford's hands rested on Stan's cheeks, groping at him for a second before pulling them apart. Nothing remained from the last time they had done this but a faint red nick on the edge of his hole. Ford barely registered he was leaning forward until he gave the tiny wound a gentle kiss that had Stanley yelping. Ford snorted at him, before giving Stanley four of his fingers. "I need them wet." He said, and his brother's face went red, but he took the digits into his mouth without hesitation. Ford tracked the movement of his tongue against his fingers like he was in a trance, before pulling them out, fingers dripping on the car seats and Stanley's back as Ford brought them closer.

Stanley keened as he slowly pushed a finger into him, insides pulsing, panting into the faux leather, hands trying and failing to gain purchase near his head. Ford swallowed as he started thrusting his finger in and out.

Stanley's shoulders slowly relaxed a little, and Ford took it as permission to add another. Stan grunted, turning his head to side-eye him. "Warn a guy," He said lowly. "That fucking hurts, you know."

Ford rolled his eyes. "Don't be such a baby, I know what I'm doing." He'd read a book on it, admittedly it was for omegas but really their biology wasn't that different.

Stanley muttered something in-between little huffs, and Ford paused. "Say that again."

"You didn't know what you was doing last time."

"You were the one crying for it like a bitch in heat." Ford snapped, fingers moving faster just to trip Stanley up.

"Y-you - *shit* - you was th-- the one that says - says you - *kn*-knew what you was doing!"

"A lot of complains for someone who can't get their words straight."

"Fu-uck you." Stanley whined, hips ever so slightly thrusting backwards.

Ford stopped his own movements entirely, just watching Stanley move. Stanley had never done that before.

Stan started moving quicker. "Come *on* Sixer, don't go soft on me *now*." He bitched.

Patience was a virtue Ford was learning he didn't have. He pulled his fingers out completely and Stan started complaining but he didn't even register it until he'd lined himself up.

He thrust in and Stanley let out a sharp 'Fuck!' under him. For a second Ford shut his eyes tightly and thought about that time three years ago when he'd accidentally said 'hyperthermia' instead of 'hypothermia' while speaking in front of the whole class and had to be corrected by Cathy Fucking Crenshaw. He refused to be a minute man, especially not when he had a point to prove.

He looked down at his brother, who was holding into the seats for dear life, face red and trying to roll his hips again, making small huffs. "Bitch in heat." Ford muttered.

"Fuck o-off - you tore me again, ass-h-hole." He whined, still trying to fuck himself despite it.

Ford pulled halfway out and his dick was much redder than it was going in. "You're fine, Stanley." Ford lied. "Stop complaining so much."

Stanley opened his mouth to retort but Ford thrust back in and instead it came out as a wail. Ford set a harsh pace just to hear Stan's warbling moans as Ford got closer and closer, knot bumping against him.

Stan was keeping his hands to himself, but he didn't really have a choice like this. It made Ford pause. His brother whined, turning back to him. "Stanford," He panted, voice wrecked. "What the fuck."

Ford pulled out. "Flip over."

"*Again?*" Stanley bitched, already rolling himself over in the tiny space. "What's with you today?" He said even as he relented, confused but still obeying Ford so easily.



Ford picked up his legs and slid back in before he could notice the blood. Stanley groaned long and low.

"I just want to see you." Ford answered. He wanted to see what Stanley would do if he tried clinging to Ford and Ford denied him. They both wanted the closeness, the contact, estrous cycles demanded it. Wanted to see Stanley wanting so badly, wanted to see if he would still obey if he was desperate.

Stanley blushed at his words, turning his head to the side to hide his smile, leaving his neck exposed without even noticing. *Cute*. He still had dried blood on his knuckles, but he was just so fucking *cute* for *Stanford only*.

Ford kissed his cheek, his ear, his chin, his jaw, his neck, his clavicle - fingers running down his sides, over his warm, soft middle, thrusts slow and deep. A rumble started in Stan's chest, his arms went up to wrap around Ford, hold him closer, but the second he did Ford grabbed his wrists and pressed them back into the seat by his head. "Hands to yourself." He said firmly. "Or I'll stop."

Stan groaned. "Don't make me beg, Ford."

"I won't. But you want to be good for me, don't you?"

All the colour in Stan's eyes was swallowed by his pupils. "Yeah - yeah alright..."

Ford's thrusts started picking up again, alternating between kissing Stan all over and leaning away until his back was nearly straight. He watched Stan's hands continue to scrabble uselessly at the seats, in his hair, over his mouth, but not reaching out. He stayed to himself, even if he made aborted attempts to reach out every time Ford pulled back.

Ford had to slow down again - his body finally catching up to his activity, he could hear himself wheezing and Stan's legs on his shoulders were weighing him down with their gorgeous muscle and fat. He was down to rolling his hips into Stan, his brother keening and rolling back into him. He could see the hands on the faux leather loosening at the slower pace, and he grit his teeth. He wanted his brother to beg.

So he reached up one hand and rolled a thumb over his own nipple. Stanley was immediately at attention. Stimulation there didn't really do much for either of them, but Stanley loved Ford's chest to a frankly irrational degree - he didn't have the chubby, hairy pecs that Stan had, there was nothing but a small layer of fat over his ribs, hair covering any hint of shape there was. But he pinched himself and Stanley whined like a dying man, clamping on Ford like a vice, sitting up as far as he could, legs curled tightly over his thin shoulders.

"Lemme?" He croaked, eyes wide like a kid in a candy store and focused on the miniscule movements of his fingers. Ford huffed a short laugh, still rolling his hips steadily.

"No, hands to yourself."

"*Come on, Sixer, please?* I won't use my hands I just wanna - wanna..." He kept swallowing, just the sight of him had Stanley drooling like Pavlov's dog.

"No, Stanley."

"Please, I just - they'll feel better in my mouth, I can make you - I just - *god* - please?"

"No." Ford said, continuing to fondle himself.

Stanley whined, clenching hard, rolling his hips in time with the rolls of Ford's fingers, eyes never leaving him for a second but obeying. Stanley was not someone that said 'please' often, but the word huffed out of his mouth with every breath he took, eyes on something Ford told him he couldn't have and so he didn't reach for. Ford's word had him begging for something not three feet from him, something he could reach for so easily but he held himself down because Ford said so.

Ford had never felt more powerful in his life.

He set a harsher pace, ignoring the muscle aches, the stiff peak between his fingers had Stanley hypnotized, moans and whines spilling out of his mouth in time with Ford's thrusts but unwilling to close his eyes for more than a second.

Ford's stomach hurt, he needed a release, but his rut demanded closeness and it was so cold away from Stan. He leaned forward, but Stanley's hands stayed off even with his knees almost to his chest, because he was perfect.

Ford's voice could barely drag out of him. "Puppy." He said roughly between keens, and Stanley whined at the nickname. "Hold onto me."

Stanley's legs ripped away, wrapping around his waist fast enough Ford couldn't even comprehend the movement, just the pins and needles on his shoulders afterwards. Stanley's arms wrapped around his neck and pulled him close enough the frames of his glasses dug into Stanley's cheek. Stanley didn't seem to mind, whining directly into Ford's ear, scent even more suffocating with the proximity, tiny 'thank you's falling from his mouth like Ford had given him a hard-won treat for his efforts. Ford could barely snake a hand between them to grip Stanley's knot hard before he pushed his own into his brother, making the coil in his stomach finally snap.

The come-down was soft, Stanley purring up a storm, still clinging onto Ford like he could merge them into a single entity. Ford was boneless in his hold, all the muscle strain coming back to hit him full force. The pressure was nice, the contact was nice. He felt his own chest rumbling as he held onto Stanley.

*His Stanley.*

## End Notes

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